

Colors of the King by Carerra_os

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Summary:

Day 9 Blue

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Some soft private time between a king and his fool.

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“You got me an actual gift?” Steve sounds so surprised it makes Billy frown, he is staring down at the wrapped furs, fingers leaving Billy to trail gently over them hesitant like he is afraid it might disappear. Suddenly Billy wishes there was something grander in there waiting for Steve, something worthy of the way he trembles softly as his fingers rub at the silky ribbon.

Colors of the King

Author's Note:

Day Nine Blue from the Harringrove April Prompts

Colors of the King

Billy is in his chambers in his bed, firelight casting shadows around the room, blankets tucked around his waist waiting for his pretty fool. Steve has become something of an obsession for Billy, he just cannot get enough of him and Billy has never been the sort to deny himself. There is a parcel on the other side of the bed waiting for Steve to get here, wrapped in pretty spotted fur and a silky ribbon.

Billy has a tendency to soil Steve's outfits and he complained quite a lot after Billy ripped one a while back, whining about how long it will take him to mend it, revealing yet another skill. It has not been long since they started this but Billy has an idea, a need. A need to stake his claim, to let everyone know Steve is his even when he is not bouncing on Billy's cock where anyone can see. So it seemed like the opportune chance, both an apology for his torn garment and a way of marking Steve as his without putting it into words.

The heavy doors open and the soft jingle of bells ring off the walls as a body slips through them breaking up the light from the hall letting Billy know it is Steve. "Your highness?" Steve calls softly, candle light dancing across his face, making his bells shine as they catch. He admitted to Billy a few days ago that he has never actually worn his jester outfit so often, that he only does it because Billy seems to like it so much and one of these day Billy wants to see him in something else but Steve is right Billy does love his court outfit, loves the bells and how easy it is to drag Steve out of everything but that jingling hat.

"Come here pretty boy." Billy calls the jingles getting louder as Steve

moves closer, setting the candle he brought on the nightstand before parting the sheer curtains around Billy's bed.

"Good evening my king." Steve grins climbing onto the bed, kneeling at Billy's side, without any prompting, now accustomed to sharing Billy's space.

"We're alone, you may call me Billy." Billy can read the surprise in Steve as he says it, a first but Billy has been aching to hear his name from those lips for weeks now.

"Are you sure *Billy* ." Billy nods he is right his name does sound wonderful falling from those lips, Billy catches Steve around the neck and drags him down enough to get at his mouth as Steve blindly removes his little boots, kicking each to the ground once he manages to undo the laces before he is sliding over Billy, straddling his hips. "So *Billy*, what can I do for you this evening?"

Billy leans up and latches his mouth against Steve's pale neck, right over a hickey he left just this afternoon as Steve says his name again. Billy's hands find Steve's hips dragging him down, making Steve's knees slide as his ass makes contact with Billy's cock tenting the blankets around his hips. "I think you are well aware of why I've summoned you here." Billy rasps against his skin, teeth scraping over that spot again as he rolls his hips, making Steve moan, his hands finding Billy's bare shoulder, nails digging in.

"Of course my King... *Billy*. " Steve falters and Billy catches his mouth, honestly pleased to hear Steve call him by his title or his name, it does not matter as long as he is doing it for Billy. Billy drags one hand away from Steve reaching to the side blindly looking for the parcel, when his fingers finally touch the soft furs he drags it closer breaking the kiss.

"I have a gift for you." Billy says breathing the same air as Steve still so close that his lips brush Steve's as he speaks.

“Is it your cock? I think it may be my favorite gift to receive.” Steve's voice is hushed and teasing as he rolls his hips, bells sounding with his movements, drawing a groan from Billy, the hand still on Steve sliding over his back around to his other hip dragging him down tight against his very interested dick.

“It's not my dick but you'll be sure to get that too.” Billy chuckles and groans but he pushes Steve back a little to get enough space between their chests for the gift.

“You got me an actual gift?” Steve sounds so surprised it makes Billy frown, he is staring down at the wrapped furs, fingers leaving Billy to trail gently over them hesitant like he is afraid it might disappear. Suddenly Billy wishes there was something grander in there waiting for Steve, something worthy of the way he trembles softly as his fingers rub at the silky ribbon.

“Has no one ever given you a gift before?” Billy asks, frown deepening as Steve's cheeks turn ruddy, his hand falling away from the gift as he shrugs, eyes cutting away.

“When I was young sometimes, on my birthday I would get a gift from my parents if they remembered.” Steve's lips are a thin line for a long moment, caught in a memory, before he shakes himself physically as if it will help him dislodge the thought. It seems to work, a smile tugging at his lips as he turns back to the gift, fingers coming up to brush it again. “No one has ever gotten me a gift just because.”

“I may have an ulterior motive with this gift.” Billy admits, worried Steve will be disappointed in it now that he knows no one has been giving him gifts like he deserves. Billy makes a mental note to get more gifts for Steve, actual just because gifts, shower him in them.

“Oh? What could that be?” Steve asks, smile quirking a little higher

as he drags his eyes away from the soft fur and silk wrappings of the gift to meet Billy's eyes, no sign of disappointment and Billy hopes it holds after he has seen his gift.

"You'll just have to open it and see." Billy replies watching as Steve sucks his bottom lip between his teeth before pulling at the light blue ribbon keeping the furs in place. It takes a second and then the bow is unraveling and falling away letting the furs hang loosely. Billy thinks he is going to let the ribbon fall to the wayside but instead Steve brings it up draping it loosely around Billy's neck before he turns back to the furs.

Billy licks over his lips as Steve unfolds the furs, his hat jingling a little as he reveals the box underneath, the furs fall against Billy's skin making his hands prick with sweat. The box is a pretty ornate thing with flowers carved into it around Billy's seal, the woods stained to color in the blue and green of it and gilded with gold. Steve's fingers trace over the crest, eyes catching Billy's as he quirks his head before he is looking down again tugging at the lip of the wooden lid slowly sliding it out.

Steve has to bend further back, more of his weight pressing down on Billy's thighs as he tugs the lid free, placing it carefully to the side as if it is something precious. Steve's fingers trace over the dark blue and green rich fabric in the box, all of the stitching and piping a beautiful gold, the colors matching those in Billy's seal. "It's not much." Billy finds the words rushing out, never before has he given something to someone and felt it inadequate but then he has never been so enamored with anyone else.

Steve makes a noise in his throat that Billy cannot decipher as he pulls up the first piece of clothing, a hollow little muted shake coming as the fabric moves. The outfit is made of the finest fabric and stitched by Billy's personal tailors' own hands. Steve pulls the shirt free and holds it up for a few seconds before he lets it pool in his lap as he reaches into the box for the equally exquisite pants and there is a less muted jingle from the box this time almost matching

the jingles Steve's hat produces perched on his head.

The pants find their way puddled into Steve's lap as well as he reaches in and plus the soft dark blue boots out of the box made by Billy's cobbler, fingers stroking over the fine stained leather before he places them to the side. "You got me an entirely new outfit, in your colors." Steve's voice does not sound displeased or angered as he tosses his purple and green hat off, bells jingling before going hollow and stopping as they tumble off the bed and hit the rug covering the stone floors.

Steve slides the new hat on the bells jingling softly, shining gold as they catch in fire light. The gold piping catches it too making the blue and green appear bolder as Steve settles it upon his head. Big brown eyes pin Billy as he admires his fool in his colors. "What do you think, my lord should I try on the rest?" Steve asks, finger rubbing the soft rich material between his fingers.

"I think you should tell me if you truly like it." Billy says truly curious, it seems like he does but Steve wears many masks around court. Billy knows he is good at it and he worries that perhaps he is wearing one now.

Steve softens his features, hand coming up to cup Billy's face drawing him closer as he pushes the box from between them, the clothes still caught in his lap. "I don't know that I've ever had an outfit so fine, I like it very much Billy." Steve leans in and kisses him, Billy sliding his arm around Steve's waist and drawing him closer, torsos pressed together, the soft fabric of Steve's new clothes caught between their bellies. "Thank you for the gift, I look forward to wearing it at court." His worries melt away.

The idea has fire burning in Billy's belly, possessive and fierce, Steve in his colors before his court for all to see, Billy loves the idea, it is why he had the outfit made. "I am glad you like them." Billy pushes the garments from between them, hand working at Steve's laces as he kisses down his neck, mouth trailing, beard burning as he goes. Steve

presses against Billy's hands, hips rolling, ass pressing down against Billy's dick. "How about you strip and show me just how much you like it, you can model the outfit for me in the morning light after we've bathed."

"You intend to keep me here all night my king?" Steve asks, sliding off of Billy and standing by the edge of the bed as he strips, fire light dancing over his pale mole spotted skin as it is revealed.

"I intend to keep you here for many nights my pretty fool" Billy's gaze is appreciative, shaking his head when Steve's fingers move to his hat, Billy quite likes the jingles. Steve smirks, shaking his head as his hand falls from the hat before he climbs back onto the bed. Billy pushes his blankets away revealing his dripping dick and a little bottle of oil waiting by his hip.

"I am agreeable to that Billy, I would love nothing more." The smirk drops as he says it, honesty in his gaze as he grabs the little bottle of slick and pops the cork out, making a show of dribbling it over his fingers. Billy's hands find Steve's thighs digging into the meat as Steve leans forward shoulder pressing against Billy's as his hand disappears behind him, the telltale moan letting Billy know his fingers are breaching him. The bells shake in his ear as Steve preps himself, Billy turning his head and mouthing at his neck, watching his arm move, the angle no good to see Steve opening himself up.

"How many fingers are you at?" Billy asks hotly, mouth wet against Steve's skin as his moans echo off the stone walls.

"Two my lord."

"Add another." Billy commands grinning as Steve shudders and shakes and does as he is told for Billy. Billy waits a few minutes, waiting for Steve to become accustomed to the stretch before commanding him again. "One more my pretty fool, open yourself up properly for your king." Steve complies despite the awkward angle,

pants and whines as he works four fingers in and out of his hole. Billy snatches up the slick hanging limply in Steve's free hand, dribbling out over the bed coverings, he does not care about that though too focused on slicking up his dick up.

Billy pops the cork back on, tossing the bottle aside as he slick himself up, sucking a mark against Steve's neck. "I think you're ready to take your king now." Billy rasps, the slick sound of Steve's fingers leaving his hole combined with his breathy little whine making Billy's dick jump.

"I don't know, I might need a little more." Steve teases lube slick fingers finding a perch on Billy's shoulder as he pushes up and settles them closer, his dick hard and pretty sliding against Billy's lube slick cock.

"I think you're more than ready." Billy insists, hand reaching around Steve and pressing in with three fingers hard and fast making him arch and moan. "Now take your rightful place on my cock." Billy pulls his fingers free, grinning at the whine Steve lets out, wiping his fingers clean on the bed coverings before his hands find Steve's hips lifting him into place over his cock.

Steve's sticky fingers reach down and find his cock, lining it up with his hole before Billy lowers him slowly. The bells give a soft shakes as Billy bottoms out, Steve's ass flush with his hips and thighs and Billy just holds him there for a long moment before letting his hands drop away. "Show me how much you like your gift."

Steve rolls his hips slowly, hands braced on Billy's shoulders dick sliding against Billy's abs, bells jingling with his movements. It is agonizing how slowly he moves and when he finally starts to rise it is no faster, it is slow barely rising before sliding back down. "Steve." Billy's tone is a warning, fingers clenching in the fabric beneath him pulling at the coverings.

"Yes Billy?" Steve asks with a bitten off smile, cheeks flushed as he pulls a little more off of Billy's cock before ever so slowly lowering back down.

"Stop teasing." Billy expects action, not the bottom out full stop he gets as Steve smirks, leaning their faces close mouth a hair's breadth away from Billy's lips.

"Ask nicely my lord." Steve demands rolling his hips just once when Billy opens his mouth to protest, dragging a groan from him. "All you have to do is say please." A teasing brush of lips over his cheek and Billy growls arms snaking around Steve clutching him tightly against his chest. Steve chuckles, breathe hot against Billy's cheek "What's the magic word Billy?"

"You're a brat" Billy hisses, shifting his own hips up making Steve moans, mouth pressing at his cheek wetly. Billy licks a line over Steve's cheek pressed against his mouth, biting down lightly over the curve of the bone lips trailing to his ears. "Please stop teasing." Billy gives in, he has no image to maintain here in his private chambers and he knows Steve will give in whether he does or not, why not indulge his pretty fool while he has the privacy to do so.

The smile Steve offers him steals his breath just as much as the hungry kiss he receives as Steve really starts rolling his hips, breaking the kiss as he lifts higher than before sliding down faster and faster building up momentum as Billy drops his hands again. Billy leans back further in his pillows, Steve's fingers falling to his chest as he keeps fucking himself, dick slapping wetly against his own belly as he moves, bells making a constant rushed jingle. "That's it, you're doing so well." Billy praises licking over his mouth as he watches Steve's muscles flex, watches his dick disappear and reappear with each drag up and down of Steve's hips.

Billy is content to lay there, dragging his fingers over the delicate skin of Steve's straining thighs, breathing heavily as Steve pleasures him. It does not take long for him to get tired of just lying prone

while his pretty jester does all the work, no matter how pretty he looks with sweat collecting at his brow. "Shall I give you a hand?" Billy asks, finger skimming up Steve's trembling thighs, lingering a second longer before dragging higher to fan over Steve's ribs, thumbs catching over his nipples.

"Please" Steve begs dick kicking as Billy digs his nail against his nipples making them go rosy as blood rises toward the surface.

"Please what?" Billy teases grinning widely as Steve huffs and glares down at him, mouth pinching as Billy's hands go tight against his ribs stopping his up and down movements. "Come on, ask your king nicely." Billy laughs as Steve tries to roll his hips, lifting him up a little high making sure he cannot get what he really wants. "Come now pretty brat I asked nicely, now it's your turn."

Steve struggles a second longer before going limp in Billy's hold, eyes going big as he stares down at Billy. "Please my king, I need you Billy." He simpers and it goes right to Billy's dick and he uses his hold to slam Steve's back to the bed, disappointed when his hat falls off and the jingling cuts off as he presses back inside of Steve until they are flush before holding still, making Steve pout again when he does not start moving. "Billy" He whines, more honest this time just how Billy wants him.

"Say it like you mean it." Billy demands unmoving, working another hickey along Steve's neck. "Ask me to make you cum, know you want to." Steve's dick kicks against his belly, nose nudging at Billy's cheek.

"Billy." Steve whispers softly hot breath against his cheek brushing down to drop a kiss against his beard. "My king." His mouth moves lower as Billy lifts his face to meet him, Steve kissing him sweetly "Won't you please help me cum, please" Billy groans into the next sweet kiss tongue sliding into Steve's mouth and making it match his hips as he slowly drags out of Steve before pressing back in hard. Steve moans as Billy's dick drags over his prostate, as his belly drags

over his cock the heavy stream of pre making the slide easy.

Heat builds between them as they keep kissing, panting into one another's mouths, stealing one another's breath as Billy picks up his pace, keeping them close, hands falling to Steve's ass and hitching him up just so until Steve is shouting as the new angel brings him even more pleasure. "That's it." Billy rasps teeth pulling at Steve's bottom lip, sucking it in as he works a hand between them, fingers finding Steve's cock and stroking him in time. "Come for me." Billy commands mouth dropping over Steve's chin, teeth scraping as he works his way back to Steve's neck making his earlier mark darker as he sucks.

It takes a few strokes of his hand, a few thrusts of his hips but Steve spills all over his hand and their bellies, clenching down around Billy cock. "Did so good, so beautiful." Billy murmurs as he manages a few thrusts before stilling, moaning his pleasure against Steve's neck as he spills deeply in him. Billy manages a few more thrust, milking his dick with Steve's cum filled hole until his dick softens and he finally pulls out slowly.

Steve makes a noise of loss as Billy slips free, hands finding his thighs and keeping him open, keeping his hips tilted up so his cum does not escape just yet. "You did very well." Billy praises dragging one of Steve's legs up so that the calf rests against his shoulder and he can kiss at it.

"You did good yourself *Billy* ." Steve tells him with a dopy tired smile squirming as Billy drags a finger over his stretched winking rim, thumb dipping in dragging it a little wider so Billy can see his cum inside. "My king." Steve's tone has an edge to it as he grabs Billy's hand, stopping his thumb from going any deeper as Steve shudders and drags it away from his rim. "Perhaps we could rest before you get us both worked up again?"

Billy huffs but concedes letting Steve's legs drop back down to the bed as he moves away toward the basin of water he had brought up

earlier for just this very moment. “Where are you going?” Steve asks rolling to his side the cum on his stomach catching in the light of the fire as it slowly rolls toward the bed.

“You’ll complain about being all curtsy later if I leave you as you are.” Billy says as he wipes himself down before rewetting the cloth and moving back to the bed wiping gently over Steve’s skin as brown eyes follow him.

“You are too good to me my king.” Steve says softly, catching Billy’s hand as he tosses the cloth aside, letting Steve pull him into bed. Billy’s hands slide over Steve’s body as they press close, hand traveling over Steve’s ass and pressing two fingers in making him moan and he soft cock gives a kick. “Rest first I had a long day, we can play to our hearts content after.”

“Very well get some rest, I’m going to wake you in a few hours with my tongue.” Billy promises, mouth against Steve’s ear, his cock giving another soft kick as he shudders.

“Promises promise” Steve murmurs already on the brink of sleep, he was entertaining the court this time and not for the first time Billy thinks they get too much of his pretty fools time. He really is going to have to correct that, keep Steve for himself and the occasional show to his court so people do not forget who he belongs to, Billy has seen the many wandering eyes. Billy leaves his fingers where they are but keeps them still, drops a kiss against Steve’s hair as his breath evens out and he drops off to sleep.

- End

Author's Note:

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